

THE
1489.w.13
Wandsworth CAMPAIGN

A
P O E M

By a BROTHER VOLUNTEER.



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THE

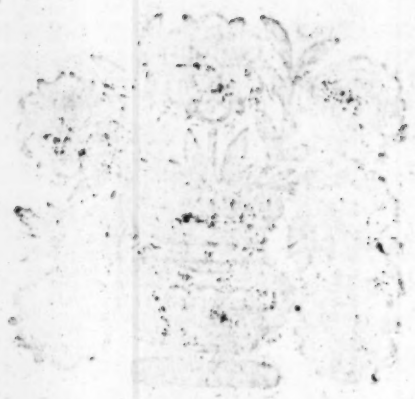
MEMORIAL

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THE
DEDICATION.

TO

My Brother Volunteers of
WANDSWORTH.

GENTLEMEN,

M*T being known to you is an Indication of my
throwing this POEM at your Feet, humbly
hoping you will give it the Honour of a Reading.
I Heartily wish it had been your good Fortune to
have had (as had Achilles and Eneas,) a Homer
and a Virgil to Transmit your Fames to Posterity,
but as I humbly conceive there is no such Bard now
in being, the Attempt of your Brother Soldier, I
hope will not be Treated with Contempt or Disdain.*

*I am very sorry if I have derogated from the
Merits of any Gentlemen whom I have made to
speak in my POEM, I have put as good Language
in*

ii **DEDICATION.**

*in their Mouths as my Abillities would admit of, and
wish it had been in my Power to have put better.
but,*

Where Sols bright Rays ne'er warms a fruitful
Soil,

Cold is the Produce of the Labourers Toil :

Where Learning's void and Education's Low,
Unpollish'd Streams must from such Fountains
flow.

*I humbly beg Pardon, Gents, for Trespassing so
Long upon your Patience, and shall Conclude by As-
suring you that I am with the greatest Respect,*

Your most humble Servant,

And Fellow in Arms,

*King's-Head,
St. James's-Market.*

JAMES SIMMONDS.





THE
Wandsworth CAMPAIGN,

A
P O E M.



WAKE my Muse from thy Le-
thargick Dream,
For Lo! a Glorious and Inspiring
Theme

Invites thy Lay; Tune up thy Mar-
tial String;

And in Heroick Notes and Numbers Sing.

Sing the Campaign, on WANDSWORTH'S Hostile
Plains,

(Terror of Rebel Caledonian Swains.)

Sing her Intrepid Youth, the Sons of Mars,

Their Marches, Counter-Marches; Arms and
Wars:

Their Battles, Speeches, and Heroick Deeds,

Who sweetly sung* who, for his Country bleeds

Who best in Song his Loyalty Displays;

Or who by dint of Exercise acquir'd the Bays;

Who best in Council did the Patriot play,

And whose Oration bore the Bell away.

Tremendious

*They was call'd the Singing Soldiers.

Tremendous Theme! and worthy *Homer's* Aid,
 Lend your Assistance each Parnassian Maid;
 It is no Trivial Task demands Your Care;
 It is no Whining Swain or Ravish'd Fair;
 It is not Flowery Fields or Purling Streams,
 Enameld Meadows, or *Arcadian* Scenes;
 It is no Quivering Grove nor Green retreat,
 The Muses Bowers or the Graces seat;
 But Warlike Actions! Justly to proclaim
 Will almost burst the swelling Cheeks of Fame.
 Soon as the Hungry *Scotts* from Barren Land,
 Had brought on this side *Tweed* a Rav'nous Band
 To spread Rebellion in our happy *North*,
 The WANDSWORTH Champions instantly stept
 forth?

So, when the Coward Drones, with Pilfering
 Arms,

Attack the Hives of the Industrious Swarms,
 In Hostile Throngs appear the Labouring Bee,
 And boldly Fights for Sweets, and Liberty.

O! Muse, take heed that you Incur no blame,
 Let not a Hero Loose an Inch of Fame;
 But what each did, or said, and what befell,
 With Truth and Justice to their Memories, Tell.
 The Champion, first that did in steel appear,
 And bid defiance to the Bugbear fear:

Who first did Summon *Wandsworth's* Sons to Arms
 First taught them to defy Wars dire Alarms
 Was **Publius*, a Hero, famous at resorts,
 Where fragrant Viands and Replenisht Quarts.

Invited

* An Inn-Keeper at *Wandsworth*



Invite the Taste ; a Man in sence Profound ;
 True — to the Bottle, and in feeding Sound ;
 Valiant as *Ajax*, o'er a Brave *Sarvain*,
 As *Tully* Eloquent — o'er a Glass of Wine.

He Warns his Mirmidons to meet him at the *Ram*
 (An Inn at *Wandsworthe* of no Menial Fame ;)

Th' Important call his willing Mates obey :

And to their Chief repair without delay.

So when some Prince, or other Potentate,

Summon his Council on Affairs of State ;

The Summon'd Chiefs their Monarchs call obey

And to his Aid repair without delay.

Th' Assembled Warriors being in Council met,

And their great Souls being rous'd by many a

Whet ;

Publius their Chief arises from his Chair,

*Shakes his long Pipe with a Majestick Air,

Bellows for Silence, in Imperial Tone :

Then thus Harangues them from his Wooden

Throne.

Intrepid Mates, and Valiant Sons of Fame,

Men of renown ; how shall I find a Name ;

To call you by, may equal your desert,

Or speak the Dictates of my grateful Heart.

Oft when in Council we have met together,

In Tipling House ; in Rain, or frosty Weather,

When generous Tankards and the Dragons †best

Goes round the Table and Inspires the Guest,

I have

**Publius* is remarkable for shaking his Pipe before he Speaks.

†Pipers of Tobacco, so called,

I have propos'd Schemes of Import great,
 Schemes always ten'ding to th' good o' th' State;
 Witness that late one at the * *Flower and Crown*,
 Which you, my Friends, Judiciously must own,
 Was well devis'd, and for the good o' th' Nation
 By me Baptiz'd,—"For Manners-reformation.
 Tho' Envious Tongues in Scurril Mirth and
 Words,
 Term'd it by th' Name of—" *The Mock House of*
Lords.

But who can stem the Tide of Envy's rage;
 Or can account for this Callumnious Age.
 Detraction reigns where Merit claims the Prize
 And truth to Scandal Falls, a Sacrifice.
 'Twas I propos'd that Memorable Scheme,
 Of Measuring the Length of † Wandal's Stream;
 And Peep'd and Pry'd in each Mechanick Mill
 To see, or which did work or which stood still.
 'Twas I found out the means o'er Pot of Bub,
 To get a Surtout for that Scoundrel * *Gub.*
 But Bootless now 'tis to Expatiate;
 No Worthy here, but knows my Tallent's great,
 And to your Honour's, I'll affirm it still:
 You always Pay'd Obedience to my Will:
 Which Friendly Kindness never shall depart,
 Or quit Possessing my most grateful Heart;
 But soon as Time shall Point me out the Way;
 With Interest large I will the Debt repay.

And

He instituted a Club at the *Rose and Crown*, which was called the
Mock House of Lords, the Members having Titles that the Devil ne-
 ver heard before.

* The Name of *Wandsworth* River.

* The Beadle to the *Rose and Crown* Club, the Author of this Poem

And now my Friends the Glorious Time is come,
 That we, like Antient Sons of Greece and Rome,
 May Purchase Glory and Immense Applause,
 By boldly 'gaging in our Country's Cause,
 I need not tell you of the Dire Alarms,
 That loudly Call *Britannias* Sons to Arms,
 Nor how the Mangey Caledonian Scot,
 Comes on our Plains in Hostile Garb, full trot;
 How Buxom Widows, and Green Sicknefs
 Wenches,
 Some ravish'd are on Beds, and some on Benches;
 How Spotless Nymphs the* Wand'ers Bed adorns,
 And Husbands'gainst their Wills are Crown'd
 with Horns,
 How Ducks and Geese, and Wadling Ganders,
 Gabble,
 For Aid, against this rav'nous Loufy Rabble.
 These mighty wrongs, the Thundering Voice of
 Fame,
 Loudly to *Brittains* Loyal Sons Proclaim,
 But O my Friends, let us not Idle stand,
 And see Rebellion wast this Happy Land.
 Whose Soul not moves with Indignation Dire,
 To see this Rancourous Brood, these Sons of Fire
 These Impsot Rapine, unmolested Reign,
 Make Havock of our Beef, and Trample on our
 Grain,
 Devour our Pudding and Guzzle down the Beer:
 Liquor design'd more Loyal Hearts to Cheer.
 To

* The Young Pretender.

To put an End to these Enormous Crimes
 And change the Face of these Precarious Times,
 I have with Labour and some share of Pain,
 Ranfack'd each Corner of my Fruitful brain,
 And have at Length, thanks to the Powers benign
 Luckily stumbled upon the Grand design,
 Shall drive Rebellion from this happy Realm,
 Crush its Abettors and its Cause o'erwhelm.
 Nor doubt Success 'cause I the Task pursue,
 (The Proverb says let *Satan* have his due.)
 For he that can of * Gardiners, Smiths, and Tay-
 lors,

Bricklayers and Footmen, Carpenters and Sailors,
 Make Dukes and Earls, and Lords of high renown
 Can quell Rebellion, or pull *Papery* down.

Not I alone will all the Glory share.

Your Fame my Friends Participates my Care.

Your Glory shall with mine go Hand in Hand;
 With you my Friends I'll fall, with you I'll stand,
 Like as the *Ivy* does the *Oak* entwine.

Let us in Loyal Association join;

Thus join'd brave Youths, we'll have recourse
 to Arms,

Liberty inspires! Liberty's Heavenly Charms;

For glorious Liberty and our sacred King,

Let's learn our Exercise and learn to — * Sing.

Or Gun or Song will do the mighty deed,

Heal *Englana's* Wounds and make the Rebels
 bleed.

* Alluding to the *Rose and Crown* Club, such were the Members.

* They learn'd a Song, and went in a whole Body to Church to
 Sing it.

If the great Cause your Approbation finds,
Or not, now freely speak the Tenure of your
Minds.

Thus ended *Publius*, with Loyalty full Ripe.
When down he sat and charg'd afresh his Pipe,
Expecting reply: When lo! from tir'd Seat,
His Bosom Friend, **Welbius*, of Stature great,
Intrepid in Action — where there is no Blows;
Stout as *Diomedes* — if secure from Foes.
Arose in solemn State: then thus Accosts,
With Manly Elocution, the Martial Hosts.
Fellows in Arms, and Brothers of the blade,
Well has our Chief his Eloquence display'd:
The Warlike Theme inspires my Active Soul,
Nor shall th' Grim Mob of Danger e'er controul,
Or check the Flame that in my Bosom Glows,
To singe these scabby Loons, these Rebel Foes.
Hear me ye Ardu'ous *Dæmons*, Imps of *Mars*,
Furies Renown'd, and Spirits of the Wars;
Hear my resolves, by Paste and Sheers, I swear,
By Buttons, Leather and other Things that are
Within my Shop, I'll ne'er my Gun lay down,
While Rebel Lives within an *English* Town.
Ne'er shall Steel Thimble gird this Finger more.
Till damn'd Rebellion, quits our happy Shore.
Ne'er shall my Needle keen, pierce Hide of *Ram*,
Or *Buck*, or *Doe*, or inoffensive *Lamb*;
Till my dear Country (in whose glorious Cause,
I sacrifice my Trade, and great Applause.
By it acquir'd) is rescu'd from the Hands,
Of *Miscreants* vile, and *Calledonian* Clanns.

* A Breeches-Maker.

Now

Now by the God of Arms again I swear,
 And 'amongst these Worthys solemnly declare
 There renounce the Trade of setting Stitches,
 Or pasting Patches, on old Greasy Breeches.
 No, let the brawny Arse go Cold and Bare,
 Or Ragged as Colts that on the Forrests are.
 No more I'll Cloath it in warm Robes of Leather
 But leave it to the Mercy of the Weather.
 Welcome great *Mars*, and farewell Wax and Thread
 Guns and loud War shall by my Beer and Bread.
 Therefore Companions and my warlike Friends,
 Lets us immediately find out the Means,
 To 'Quip ourselves with Instruments of War,
 A Gen'ral chuse, under whole gallant Care
 We may oppose the Torrent of the Times:
 And punish Rebels, for **Rebellious Crimes**.
 So ended *Welbius*, when th' Heroick Crow'd,
 In token of Applause, Huzza'd aloud.
 Now quaffs of Beer go round the Council Board,
 And Healths being Drank unto our sovereign Lord
Gallia, in Arms expert, of Stature small,
 But valiant as *Hector*, or great *Hannibal*,
 Arises from his Chair, Silence demands,
 And still as Night appear the List'ning bands.
 Then thus proceeds, Dear Countrymen and Friends
 On whom the safety of this Town depends;
 Well has stout *Welbius* display'd his Mind,
 In whom is Wit with Elocution join'd;
 Not Reverend *Nestor*, or the *Spartan* chief,
 Inherits more Bravery, or *Harangues* more brief.

Not

Not *Agamemnon* or the *Grecian* Kings,
 Whom the blind Bard so eloquently sings:
 When *Priams* Son the Young enamour'd Boy,
 By Rape gave Birth to th' Ten Years Seige of *Troy*,
 Resolv'd more bravely in the *Spartans* Cause,
 Or more did Merit their Countrys applause.
 I think I some where have, or heard, or Read,
 An Army's nothing if without an Head;
 And that on Mountain high, or Valley deep,
 In wild Confusion strays, a Flock of Sheep.
 Unless a Shepherd guides the fleecy Breed,
 Shews them their resting Place, and Place to Feed.
 That we, Fellows in Arms, may steer aright,
 Be prudent in Pursuit, Victorious in Fight;
 Let's chuse a Gen'ral of Judgment sound,
 A Foe to Rebels, of Loyalty profound;
 In War a Heroe, and in Peace renown'd.
 On whom we may in dangerous Times depend,
 Liberty's supporter, and a *Britons* Friend;
 Such is the Man and such his Virtues are,
 Such is the Hero, whom I would declare
 General of our band; *Martius* his Name,
 Secure in Honour, as secure in Fame;
 If you approve, or not, the choice I make,
 Let every Independant Soldier speak
 The first that did Attempt to raise his Voice,
 And prove that *Gallia*, made Judicious choice;
 Was *Vulzio*, a Youth not void of Fame,
 In Council cool tho' much he toil'd in * Flame.

He

* By Trade a Blacksmith.

He was the chief in vain, or sacred * Song,
 Could say *Amen*, with a Majestick Tongue ;
 Nor was among this singing Martial crow'd,
 A Man could Sing so well or Talk more loud.
 Thus he began, Protectors of this Town,
 Stout Volunteers, and Partners in Renown.
 Who but approves young *Gallias* Martial choice,
 Or can refuse the Gallant chief his Voice ;
 Not with more Fury burns my sparkling steel,
 Then doth my Heart with arduous martial Zeal.
 To serve in Arms where *Martius* commands,
 Not antient *Romes* renown'd *Prætorian* Bands ;
 Could boast a General more worthy of our choice
 To Crown him Gen'ral, be the General Voice.
 So ended *Vulkio*, when th' attentive Bands,
 In token of consent, held up their Hands.
 Now loyal Healths, and loyal loud Huzza's,
 Proclaim their Sovereigns and their Generals Praise
 The vaulted Roof the Ecchoing sound returns,
 And every Youth for Arms and Glory burns.
 Fill'd with the vast Idea and fill'd with Beer,
 Each gallant Youth for Action doth prepare ;
 And thro' the Town, the mighty Rumour Runs
 And every House is search'd for Murthering Guns
 Ye winged Choir that chant in quivering Shades
 And charm with warbling Song the fields and meads
 Whether on Bush or lofty Tree you sing,
 To welcome in the Teeming geneal spring ;
 Now sit secure upon the trembling spray,
 And undisturbed Warble forth your lay.

* He was Clark of the Parish.

No more the thundering Engines dreadful throat
 Shall Silence your much more melodious Note;
 To nobler ends the Murthering Gun's assign'd,
 Not Birds they prey on now, but Human kind.
 Now faithless Sect, expect destructive fate,
 See! *Wandsworth's* Sons appear in Arms compleat
 How full of Valour looks each Martial Swain;
 Expecting the Word of March up * *Garrat-Lane*.
 Not great *Achilles*, on the *Trojan* Plain,
 When *Patriclus* his Friend by *Hector* slain;
 Blaz'd with more valour in the *Grecian* Cause,
 Then *Wandsworth's* Heroes, to acquire applause.
 Behold! from *Chelseas* royal Pile old * *Vetran* comes
 Learned in War, and vers'd in Swords and Drums.
 The wondering Youths survey the Warlike Sire,
 And at his Martial Voice, are all on Fire.
 Eager for Action, each intrepid Son,
 Upon his Shoulder lays his dreadful Gun;
 Denouncing Vengeance on the Rebel Crews,
 With Martial Pace, March to the Rendezvous
 So have I seen upon a Summers Day,
 The City Hosts, in terrible Array;
 Near *Beth'lems* Pile in Warlike state repair,
 Either to Exercise, or — take the Air.
 The grand * *Parade* now greets their ravish'd Eyes
 Where every Heroe, Art and Vigour Tries,
 To gain Applause and bear away the Prize.

They

* A Lane so call'd up which they March'd to Learn their Exercise.

* An old Soldier from *Chelsea-Colledge*, who Taught 'em to Exercise

* A Building in which they Learn'd their Exercise.

They Poise and shoulder, turn to left and right
 Ground and recover, *Sing and conclude the Fight
 Let antient *Rome*, her conquering *Legions* boast,
 And *Phillips* Son, his *Macedonian* Host;
 Let *Cesar* boast his Warlike dusky Swains,
 That carry'd Terror on *Pharfallias* Plains,
 But thou! O *Wandsworth*! boast thy Warlike Train
 That fight o'er **Beef*, and March-up *Garrat-Lane*
 What Praise O Youths, are to your Merits due,
 That Sing so well and Exercise so true.
 Happy the Prince, that can such Subjects boast,
 Who deign with Singing to destroy an Host!
 Ill fated *Charles*, retire from *Albions* Shades,
 Tempt not the Rage of *Wandsworth's* warlike
 Blades

If Swords and Guns will not you Fury quell
 You, and your scabby Loons they'll sing to Hell
 Here faultring Muse, conclude thy tir'd Lay,
 Rebellion dies and *Charles* is run away;
 Our Noble Duke has quell'd Intestine strife,
 The Campaign's ended *Charles* has sav'd his Life.

* Always after the Exercise, they Sang a Song.

* 'Tis remark'd that during this Campaign there was no Blows, but at the Feast after the Campaign was over, when a Waiter was knock'd down.

E I N I S.



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